20th CENTURY STUDIOS

THE LAST HUNT

PREDATOR™

BRISSON
MANNA
MESSIAS
ARCINIEGA

CSMITH2023

IN ASSOCIATION WITH MARVEL

MARVEL

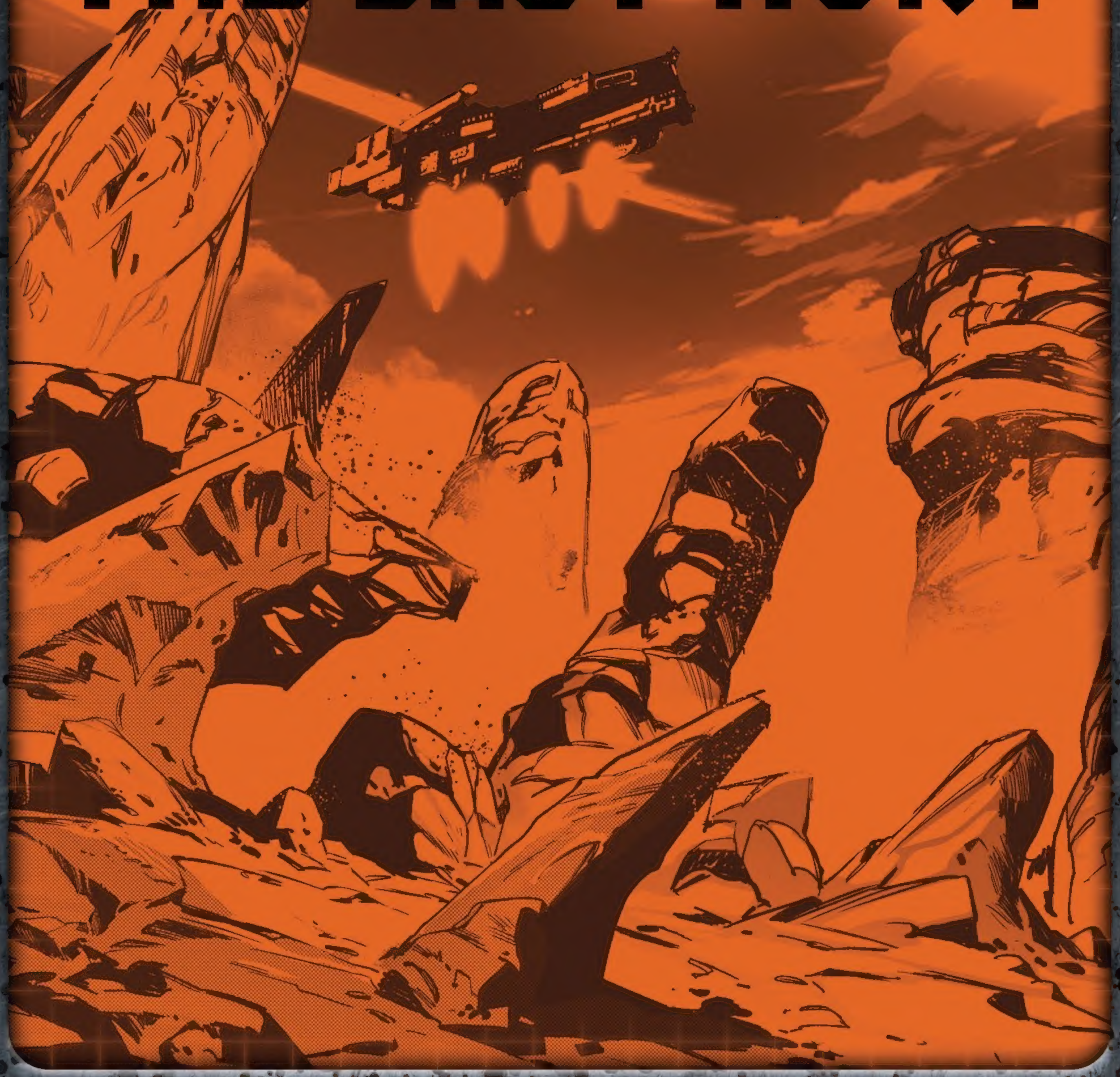
COLLECTED EDITIONS

Predator by Ed Brisson Vol. 1: Day of the Hunter
ISBN 978-1-302-92619-9

AVAILABLE IN **PRINT** OR **DIGITAL**
WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD!

PREDATOR™

THE LAST HUNT



1987: In Central America, an elite mercenary team is stalked by a Predator. Only one survives to kill the Predator.

1997: A Predator comes to Los Angeles to hunt gang members. Though many are slaughtered, one policeman is able to kill the Predator.

2010: Eight individuals are abducted and dropped on an unknown planet. They come to learn they are being hunted for sport by three Predators and that the planet is a game preserve.

2018: A Predator crash-lands in America and is apprehended by Project Stargazer for study. It escapes but is killed by another Predator. Military criminals are able to kill the Predator, at great cost.

2056: Humanity is capable of interstellar travel. A group of Astar Industry scientists researching a remote planet for potential human colonization is killed by a Predator. A young girl named Theta Berwick survives and, after fifteen years of hunting, finally murders the Yautja who killed her parents.

2062: Theta and her friend Paolo try to help eight people escape a Predator Stasis Farm. Only three survive: Theta, Paolo and a woman named Awja. Theta allows Awja to take her ship's black box, containing key intelligence about the Predators, back to Earth, while Theta and Paolo continue their hunt.

Now, years later, a new, even deadlier Predator is on the loose...

© 2024 20th Century Studios. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel, its characters, and its logos are TM Marvel Characters, Inc.

THE LAST HUNT

WRITER: ED BRISSON

ISSUES #1-2 & #4

ARTIST: FRANCESCO MANNA

COLOR ARTIST: ERICK ARCINIEGA

ISSUE #3

PENCILER: FRANCESCO MANNA

INKER: JONAS TRINDADE

COLOR ARTIST: ERICK ARCINIEGA

LETTERER: VC's CLAYTON COWLES

COVER ART: CORY SMITH & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

ASSISTANT EDITOR: LINDSEY COHICK

EDITOR: SARAH BRUNSTAD

SPECIAL THANKS TO STEVE ASBELL, SCOTT AVERSANO, LeANNE HACKMANN, SARAH HUCK, KENDRICK PEJORO, JEFFREY THOMAS & NICOLE SPIEGEL AT DISNEY

COLLECTION EDITOR: JENNIFER GRÜNWALD

ASSISTANT EDITOR: DANIEL KIRCHHOFFER

TALENT RELATIONS SPECIALIST: LISA MONTALBANO

VP, PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS: JEFF YOUNGQUIST

BOOK DESIGNER: JAY BOWEN

MANAGER & SENIOR DESIGNER: ADAM DEL RE

VP, PRINT & DIGITAL PUBLISHING: DAVID GABRIEL

SR. MANAGER, DIGITAL: TIM SMITH 3

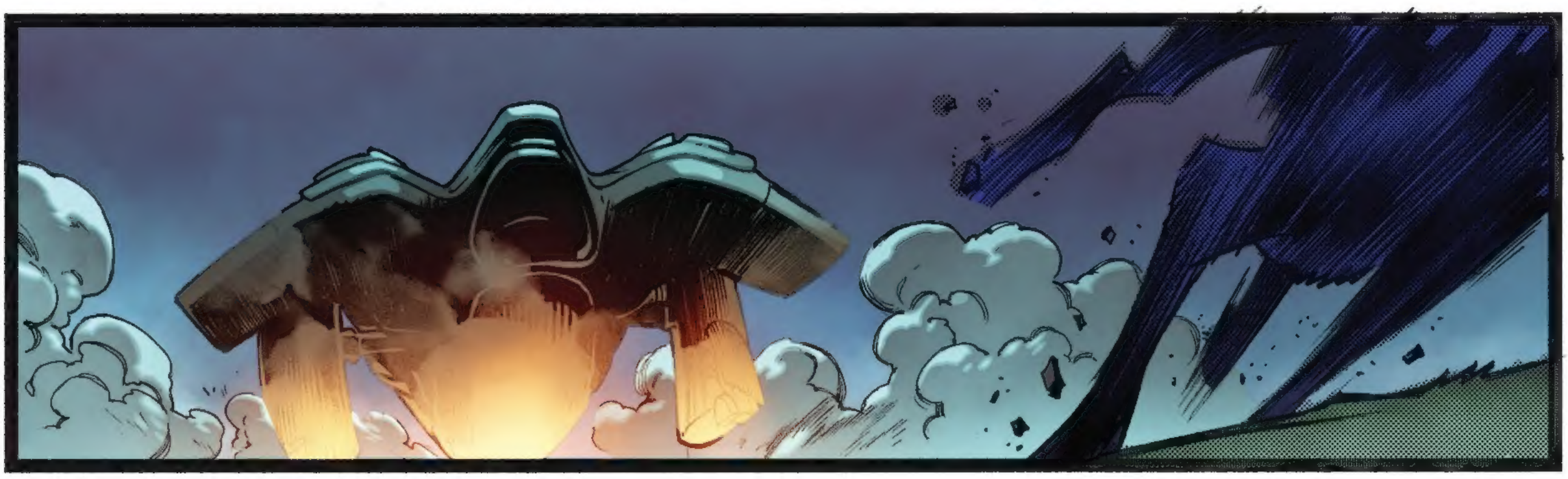
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: RACHEL YOUNG

EDITOR IN CHIEF: C.B. CEBULSKI

1

CSMITH2023

MABOU.
2066.



KRAAAAKKRKKRKK!

THWIK

SHUNK

SHUFFF

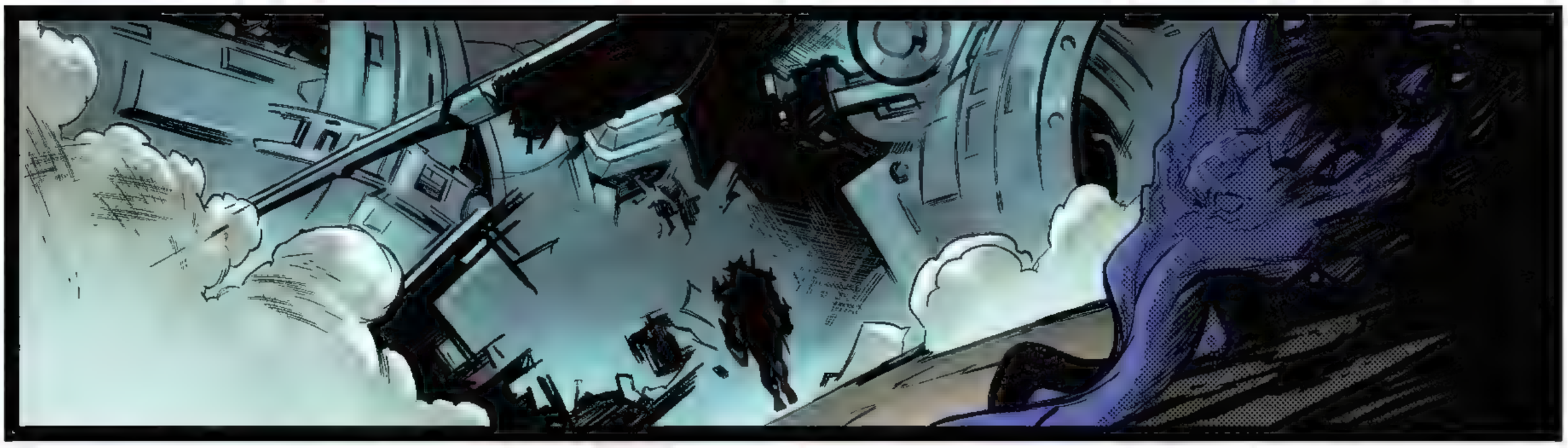
SHUNNK

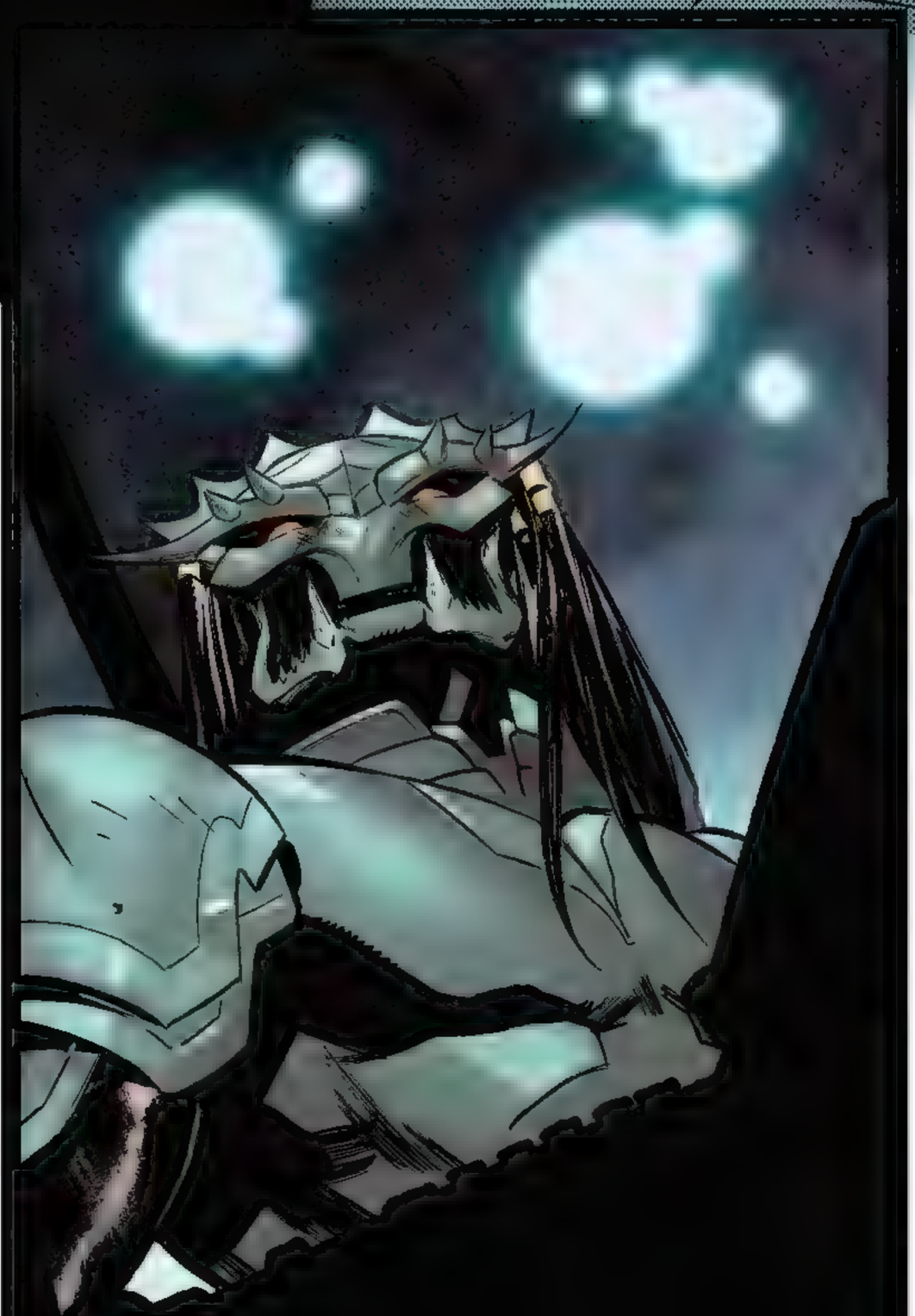
KRAKRIKIRKIRKIRK...

SHICK

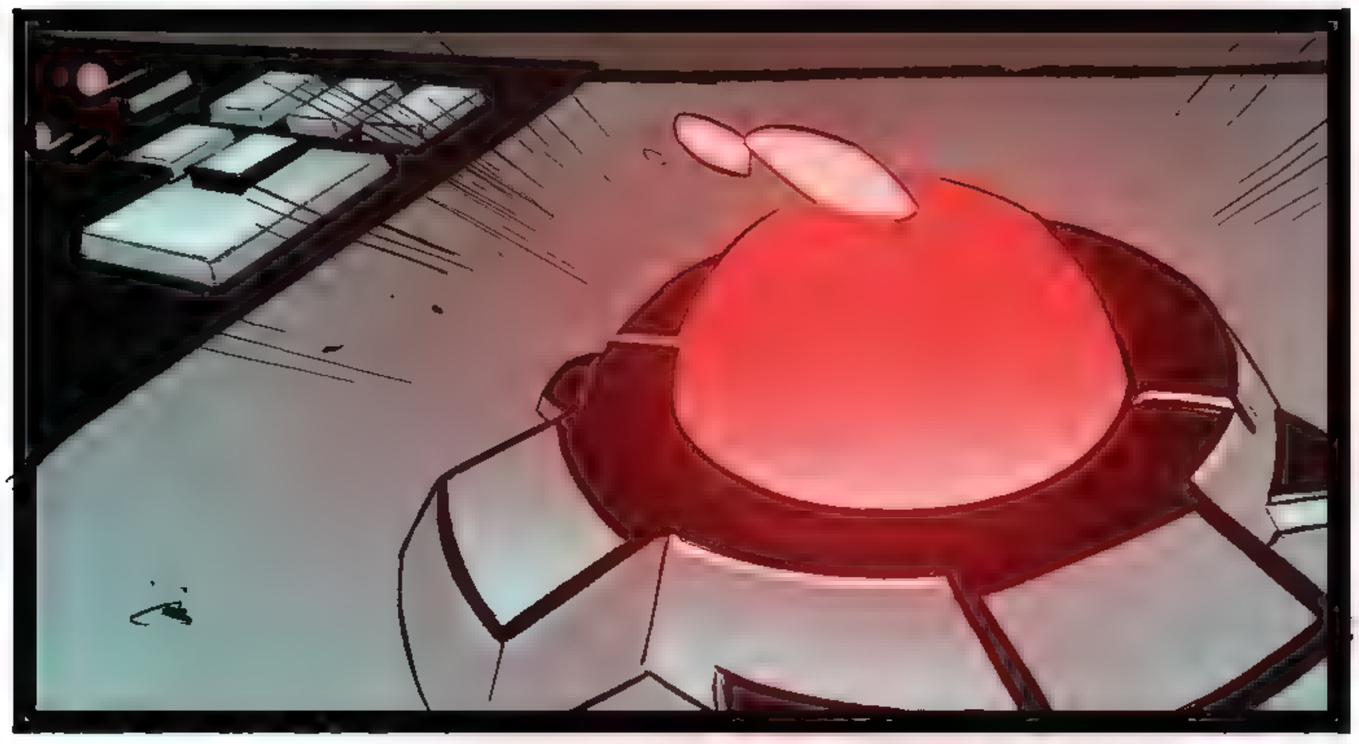
KRAKRIKRIKRIK!

WHRRRRRRRRRR

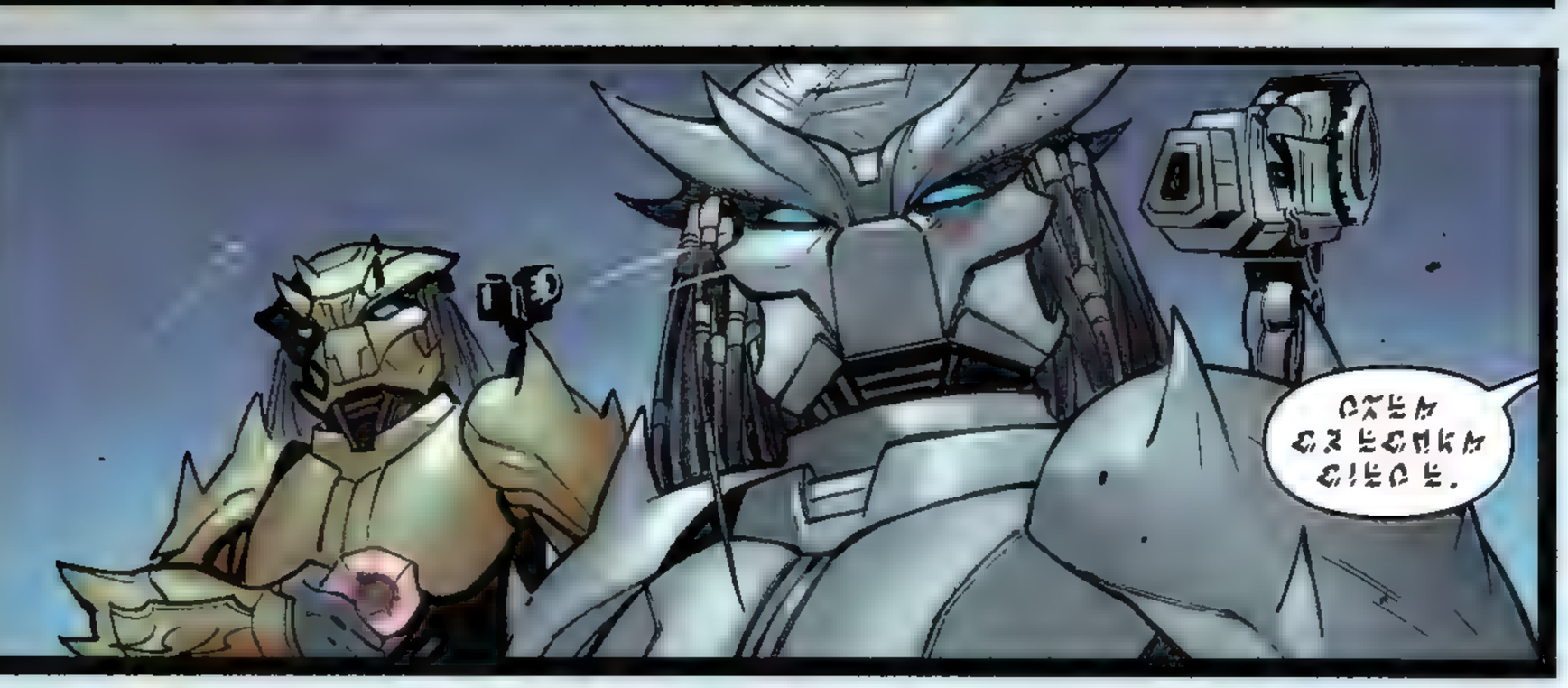




KLIK



TANTALLON.
2068.



ᑕᔑᔕᑎ ᑕᘜᑐ ᑕᘿᔑᔕᑕᘿᑐ ᔑᔓ ᑎᔑ ᛕᑕᘿᑕ!
ᑕᔑᘿᑕᑐᑎᘿ ᑕᘜᑎᘿ ᑐᘿᑎ ᑕᘜᑕᛕ ᑎᘿ ᑕᑐᛕᑕᔕ!
ᔑᔑᑕᑐᑎᘿᛕ!
FWUMP

WHRRRRRR

NO!

SyDoM

THWIP

GG
KMOIM.
RRRR

"WHAT *THE HELL* WAS THAT?"

I WAS... THAT THING HAD ME...

I'M SORRY. I *PANICKED.*

THEY WERE *SCARED.* THEY'D BEEN UNDER ATTACK FROM THE PREDATORS.

THEY THOUGHT WE *WERE* THEM.

SO I SHOULD HAVE LET THEM *KILL ME?* LET THEM HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF CATHARSIS AT *MY EXPENSE?*

THEY HAD WEAPONS MADE OF *BONE.*

A HUNDRED OF THEM COULD HAVE ATTACKED YOU AND NOT MADE A DENT IN YOUR ARMOR.

YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN *FINE,* PAOLO.

I'M NOT LIKE YOU, THETA.

I KNOW THAT I'M BEING UNFAIR.

THIS IS ALL *TERRIFYING* TO ME.

THAT I'M TAKING OUT MY OWN FRUSTRATIONS ON PAOLO.

I CAN'T HELP MYSELF.

IT'S BEEN 27 YEARS SINCE A PREDATOR KILLED MY PARENTS.

27 YEARS OF HUNTING THEM.

I'VE KILLED MORE OF THEM THAN I EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

BUT THEY'VE ADAPTED, AND MY METHODS OF TRACKING THEM DON'T WORK ANYMORE. THEY'VE CHANGED UP THEIR HUNTING PATTERNS.

ALL OF OUR DATA IS OUT OF DATE AND BECOMING MORE ***USELESS*** BY THE DAY.

THIS IS THE CLOSEST WE'VE COME TO FINDING ANOTHER PREDATOR IN FIVE YEARS. BUT WE WERE TOO LATE.

THEY KNOW WE'RE AFTER THEM.

THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN LEAVING HEADS ON SPIKES...

...USING ***MY*** CALLING CARD AS A WAY OF ***MOCKING US.***

I'M TERRIFIED THAT THEY'RE ALWAYS GOING TO STAY ONE STEP AHEAD...

...THAT WE'RE ***NEVER*** GOING TO FIND THEM AGAIN.

THAT THEY'LL ***KEEP*** KILLING.

AND WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP THEM.

TAK

IS THIS--?

IT'S WHAT YOU ASKED FOR.

DURING OUR STOP AT WEST RIVER STATION, I FOUND A...I DON'T KNOW...I HAVEN'T SEEN ***ANYTHING*** LIKE IT.

I MANAGED TO GET A SAMPLE OF A PLANT SO TOXIC THAT IT WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE ECOSYSTEM WITHIN A ONE-KILOMETER RADIUS.

ONCE YOU INJECT YOURSELF WITH THAT, ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, YOUR MUSCLES WILL BEGIN TO SPASM. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO BREATHE.

YOUR BODY WILL TRY TO EXPEL THE POISON, YOU'LL THROW UP, AND... WELL, IT'LL BE ***UGLY.***

ALL OF THIS WILL HAPPEN AT ONCE, AND IT'LL BE THE MOST ***EXCRUCIATING*** PAIN YOU'VE EVER FELT IN YOUR LIFE.

IT'LL ONLY LAST A FEW SECONDS, BUT IT'S GOING TO FEEL LIKE A ***LIFETIME.***

WITHIN TEN SECONDS, THE TOXINS WILL TRAVEL TO YOUR--

I DON'T NEED TO KNOW ***HOW*** IT WORKS, PAOLO. JUST ***IF*** IT WORKS.

I ***HATE*** THAT YOU ASKED ME TO MAKE THAT.

KILLING YOURSELF ***ISN'T*** A PLAN.

NOT AFTER ***EVERYTHING*** YOU'VE WORKED FOR.

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES...

...I'M LUCKY THAT I'VE MADE IT TO FORTY YEARS.

THE INJURIES I'VE ENDURED HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL ON ME. I'M GETTING ***NOTICEABLY*** SLOWER.

IT'S BEEN ***YEARS*** SINCE I LAST FOUGHT A PREDATOR. I'M OUT OF PRACTICE.

EVEN WITH ALL THE UPGRADES TO MY PROSTHETICS AND IMPROVEMENTS WE'VE MADE TO OUR ARMOR...

...I'M WORRIED THAT I WON'T HAVE ***IT*** ANYMORE. THAT I ***WON'T*** BE ABLE TO FIGHT THEM. TO ***BEAT THEM.***

THEN THERE'S THE THING I DON'T SAY. THAT AS MUCH AS I'M SCARED OF ***LOSING*** TO THEM...

...THE THOUGHT THAT KEEPS ME UP AT NIGHT, THAT ***HAUNTS*** MY NIGHTMARES...

...IS OF ONE OF THOSE SONS OF BITCHES TAKING MY ***SKULL*** AND ***SPINE*** AND HANGING ME IN THEIR %$#@ SHIP AS ***A TROPHY.***

SO THANK YOU.

THIS IS TO PREVENT ***THAT.***

IF I'M IN THE FIELD AND ONE OF THOSE THINGS HAS ME BEAT...

...AND I MEAN *BEAT* BEAT, NOT ON THE ROPES, NOT IN A CORNER, BUT ACTUALLY *BEAT*...

...THIS PUTS *ME* IN CONTROL. IF I END IT ALL MYSELF, THEN I DENY THEM THEIR *HONORABLE* KILL.

I DENY THEM THE KILL, THEN I DENY THEM THE *TROPHY.*

THEY *LOSE.*

THAT IS A DEATH I CAN *LIVE WITH.*

AND FOR THAT, YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE.

HMMM...

THETA! THIS THING WE FOUND EARLIER BY THE BODIES.

IT'S A BEACON.

PING

IT'S... WHAT IS *THAT?*

I THINK...

MABOU.

"...IT'S A DISTRESS SIGNAL."

PAOLO?

READY.

I THINK.

THIS SHIP HAS BEEN HERE FOR YEARS.

YOU REALLY THINK THERE'LL BE ANY SURVIVORS?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

THIS...THIS *DEFINITELY* BELONGS TO THEM.

THE BUILD, THE STYLE, THE TECH...

...IT'S JUST LIKE THE OTHER PREDATOR SHIPS.

BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE THIS LARGE.

IT HAS TO BE SOME SORT OF *TRANSPORT SHIP,* RIGHT?

IT'S TOO *BIG* AND CUMBERSOME FOR BATTLE.

IF IT IS, *WHAT* ARE THEY TRANSPORTING?

I'M MORE CURIOUS TO KNOW *WHO* SENT THE DISTRESS SIGNAL.

AND *WHERE* ARE THEY *NOW?*

PSSSSST

WELL... WHATEVER THEY WERE TRANSPORTING CLEARLY WANTED OUT.

OH MY GOD...

FOR SIX YEARS NOW, WE'VE KNOWN THAT THE PREDATORS HAVE BEEN KEEPING PEOPLE IN STASIS SOMEWHERE.

KEEPING THEM ON ICE FOR DECADES, RELEASING THEM ONLY SO THEY CAN HUNT THEM DOWN.*

...THIS IS THE *SUPPLY SHIP* FOR THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS.

WE'VE FOUND THEIR *STASIS CHAMBERS.*

*SEE **PREDATOR: THE PRESERVE** FOR THETA'S FIGHT ALONGSIDE A BAND OF TIME-DISPLACED SOLDIERS! --S.B.

MY NERVES ARE JANGLING.

WE'VE UNCOVERED SOMETHING THAT I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D SEE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE *HOW MANY* THERE ARE.

AND NOW THAT WE HAVE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

DEAD.

I WONDER HOW LONG THIS HAS BEEN HERE?

AND IF THERE WERE ANY SURVIVORS? *SOMEONE* HAD TO HAVE SENT THE DISTRESS CALL.

MY GUESS, BASED ON THE CORROSION AND LAYERS OF DUST, IS TWO OR THREE YEARS *AT LEAST.*

TWO TO THREE YEARS IS A *LONG TIME* TO SURVIVE ON AN UNFAMILIAR PLANET.

THE AIR IS BREATHABLE, SO I GUESS IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT--

THETA.

IT'S THE FIRST PREDATOR I'VE SEEN IN HALF A DECADE.

DAMN.

AND *SOMEONE ELSE* GOT THE KILL.

HH.

WELL, *SOMETHING* SURVIVED. THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.

KLAK

LET'S GET BACK TO THE *SANDPIPER* AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S ON THE BLACK BOX.

I'D LIKE TO COME BACK TOMORROW TO START CATALOGING EVERYTHING ON BOARD, AND MAYBE WE CAN...

PAOLO...

...YOU COMING?

YEAH.

SANDY...

...CROSS-REFERENCE DATA AGAINST TRAVEL LOGS.

PROCESSING.

THIS PLANET... THAT'S THE PRESERVE, ISN'T IT?

IT'S THE PREDATOR GAMING-PRESERVE PLANET, YES.

AND THE OTHER PLANET THAT SHIP WAS TRAVELING BACK AND FORTH FROM?

IT IS NOT IN MY DATABASE. WE HAVE NEVER BEEN THERE, NOR HAS IT APPEARED IN PREVIOUS BLACK BOX RECORDINGS YOU'VE RECOVERED.

IT'S WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING THEIR STASIS FARMS.

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

GOD.

IF THIS IS TRUE...IF WE CAN FIND *WHERE* THEY'RE STORING THE BODIES, MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE PREDATORS' HOME PLANET. MAYBE THAT *IS* THEIR HOME PLANET!

WHOA!

LET'S NOT GET TOO AHEAD OF OURSELVES.

THE BLACK BOX IS A COUPLE OF YEARS OLD NOW. WE DON'T KNOW HOW CURRENT THE DATA IS.

IT COULD BE THE SHIP *ITSELF* IS WHERE THEY KEEP ALL THEIR GAMING STOCK.

IT COULD JUST BE MAKING THE SAME RUN BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN TWO DIFFERENT HUNTING GROUNDS...

...AND *ALL* THE PEOPLE AND OTHER POOR CREATURES THEY'VE KIDNAPPED AND PUT INTO STASIS TO BE HUNTED...

...ARE BACK THERE IN THAT SHIP, *DEAD.*

THAT'S A CARGO SHIP, PAOLO. IT'S MEANT TO BRING THINGS FROM POINT A TO POINT B.

THEY HAVE TO HAVE SOME SORT OF STASIS FARM SOMEWHERE.

THEY WOULDN'T RISK KEEPING IT *ALL* ON ONE SHIP.

I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO GET YOUR HOPES UP *TOO HIGH.*

BEFORE WE CAN EVEN LOOK AT THE PLANET, WE NEED TO GO THROUGH THAT SHIP *THOROUGHLY.*

THERE ARE ALIEN SPECIMENS IN THOSE STASIS CHAMBERS THAT I'VE *NEVER* SEEN BEFORE. WE'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO DOCUMENT THIS MANY SPECIES ALL IN *ONE PLACE.*

IF WE CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THE ALIENS THE PREDATORS ARE HUNTING AND WHERE THEY'RE FROM...

...IT MIGHT HELP US FIND THE PREDATORS THEMSELVES.

THERE WERE REAL LIVES LOST ON THAT SHIP. WE KEEP CALLING THEM GAMING STOCK, BUT WE KNOW...WE'VE MET SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD HAVE JUST BEEN STOCK IF WE HADN'T COME ALONG.

WE OWE IT TO *THEM* TO TAKE THE TIME BEFORE RUSHING OFF.

RIGHT. YOU'RE *RIGHT.*

AH...

...I GOTTA SAY. I LOVE THE SOUND OF THAT.

WEEEET

WARNING!

WEEEET

MY HEART IS IN MY THROAT.

WEEEET

PERIMETER BREACH.

HOW MANY?

ONE UNIDENTIFIED TRESPASSER. APPROACHING THE STARBOARD SIDE.

WEEEET
WEEEET

A PREDATOR?

I SAY A SMALL PRAYER, HOPING.

NEGATIVE.

DAMMIT.

SANDY, SILENCE THE ALARM SO I CAN HEAR MYSELF THINK.

CONFIRMED.

AND KEEP ME POSTED ON THEIR POSITION.

SUBJECT TWENTY FEET FROM STERN LANDING RAMP.

TEN FEET.

NOK NOK

ARE THEY...

...THEY'RE SERIOUSLY *KNOCKING?*

HELLO?

ANYONE HOME?

I'M FRIENDLY, I SWEAR!

SANDY, OPEN THE LANDING RAMP EXIT.

NOK NOK NOK

WHAT DO WE DO?

AFFIRMATIVE.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

THERE ARE TWO OF US, ONE OF HIM.

IF HE SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE CRASH, WE NEED TO HELP.

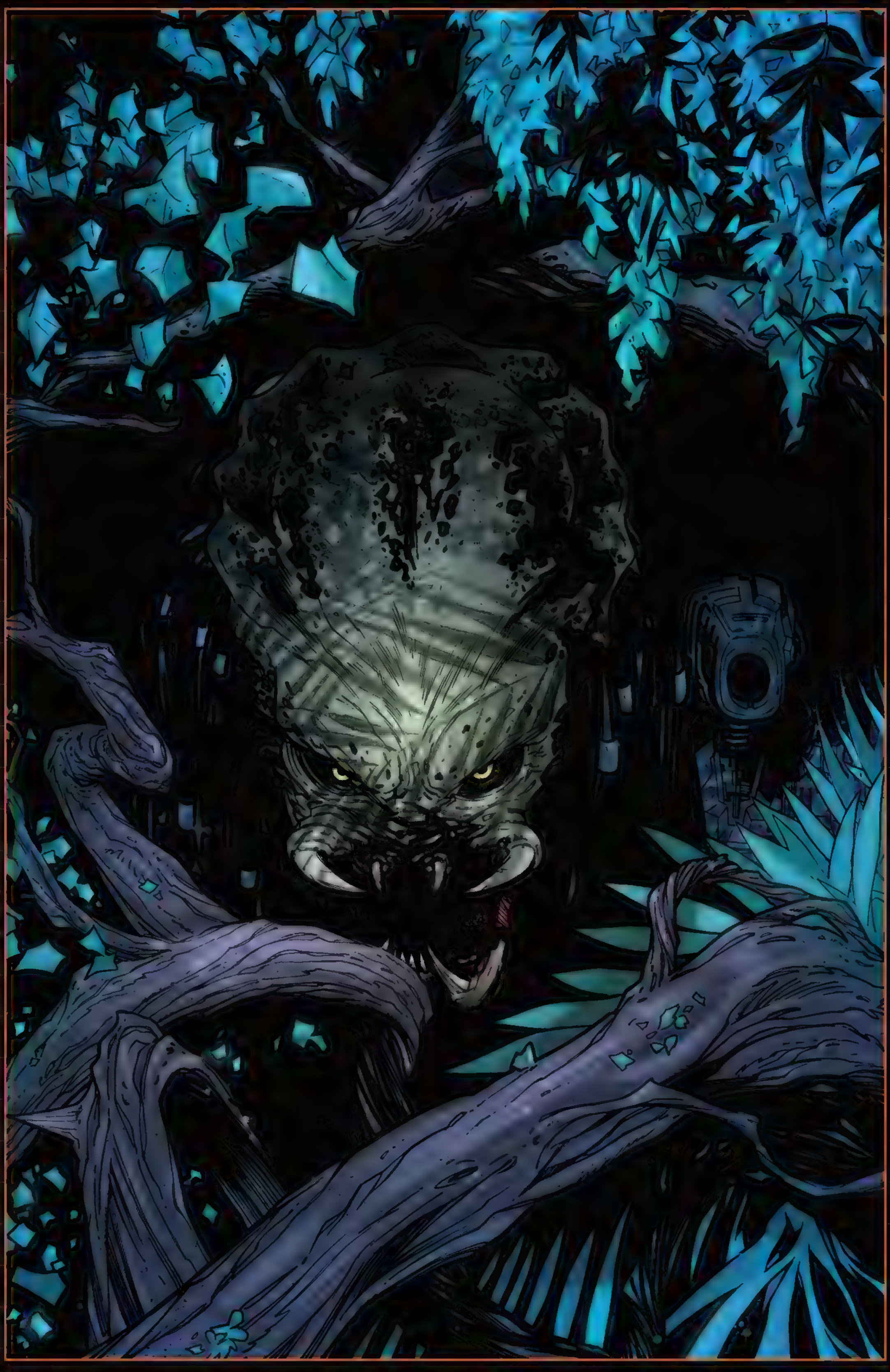
BUT KEEP YOUR WEAPON HOT, JUST IN CASE.

HEY, NO NEED FOR THAT. *I COME IN PEACE.*

THE NAME'S *JOHN SCHAEFER.*

GOT ABOUT FIFTY FOLKS OUT HERE HOPING YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET US THE HELL *OFF* THIS *DAMNED PLANET.*

EVEN BETTER IF YOU'VE GOT SOME *COLD BEERS* ON BOARD FOR *THE TRIP.*



#1 VARIANT BY FRANCESCO MANNA & JESUS ABURTOV

YOU JUST PICKED THE WRONG ENEMY, *JOHN SCHAEFER.*

MABOU, 2066.

=GASP=

"WHEN I CAME TO, I HAD NO DAMN IDEA WHERE I WAS.

FSSSSSSST

WHAT...?

"ONE MINUTE, I'M TRACKING ONE OF THESE *THINGS* ACROSS A THAI JUNGLE...

HRRRRRRK

"...THEN THE NEXT...

"...I'M WAKING UP INSIDE OF SOME SORT OF SHIP.

"ONE OF *THEIR* SHIPS.

SKRRRRAAAAAW

"I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, BUT THE SHIP HAD CRASHED...

"...AND THE PREDATOR PILOT HAD BEEN ***BADLY*** INJURED.

"LUCKY FOR ME. I'D HAVE BEEN DEAD MEAT OTHERWISE.

KRASHOOOM

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THE CARGO HOLD. MAYBE COMING TO TAKE US ALL OFFLINE.

"I KNOW THAT IF I HADN'T WOKEN UP DUE TO WHATEVER MALFUNCTION THE CRASH CAUSED...

"...WE ***ALL*** WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD MEAT.

TAK TAK

HH HH HH

NO. YOU DON'T GET TO BLOW YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE.

ARRRRRRGH!

"THANK THE LORD FOR TINY MIRACLES, I GUESS."

"TOOK ME A MINUTE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET THE REST OF THE PEOPLE OUT OF THE STASIS PODS.

"WASN'T SURE HOW EXTENSIVE THE DAMAGE WAS TO THE SHIP OR HOW MUCH LONGER THE PODS WOULD BE ABLE TO OPERATE-- DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.

"UNFORTUNATELY, WE SCREWED UP ALONG THE WAY--FREED A COUPLE OF THE OTHER ***SPECIMENS*** THAT HAD BEEN STORED ALONG WITH US.

"MOST OF US DIED TRYING TO FIGHT THEM OFF.

"WENT FROM ABOUT 300 TO ONLY 53.

"THOUGH, IF THERE WAS ONE BENEFIT TO THE MESS UP, WE REALIZED THAT AS LONG AS THE STASIS CHAMBERS HELD, WE'D HAVE ACCESS TO A RELIABLE FOOD SOURCE.

"YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW ***TASTY*** ALIEN MEAT CAN BE.

"ABOUT A MONTH AFTER WE WOKE--

"--MAYBE LONGER; HARD TO TELL HERE--THE DAYS SEEM SHORTER, AND NO ONE THOUGHT TO PACK A CALENDAR WHEN THEY WERE KIDNAPPED--

"--ANOTHER PREDATOR ARRIVED.

"ONE OF THE ***BIGGEST, MEANEST***-LOOKING SONS OF BITCHES I'VE ***EVER*** SEEN--AND I'VE SEEN ***A LOT*** OF 'EM.

"WE LET LOOSE A COUPLE OF THE BIGGER CREATURES FROM THE STASIS PODS, THINKING THEY COULD DO OUR WORK FOR US. LET THEM DEAL WITH HIM, AND WE'D FIGURE OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH ***THEM*** LATER.

"BUT HE CUT THROUGH THEM LIKE THEY WERE ***NOTHING.***

"HE WENT ON BOARD THE SHIP, AND WE THOUGHT THAT WAS IT.

"PREDATORS AIN'T TOO KEEN ON LEAVING BEHIND EVIDENCE. WAS SURE HE WAS GOING TO BLOW THE SHIP--AND OUR FOOD SUPPLY--BUT...

"...HE ***DIDN'T.***

"JUST AS SOON AS HE'D ARRIVED...

"...HE LEFT."

MABOU.
2068.

NO IDEA WHAT HE WAS UP TO, TO BE HONEST.

THOUGHT MAYBE HE WAS A SCOUT AND THE PREDS WOULD SEND OUT SOME SORT OF SALVAGE MISSION, BUT IT'S BEEN...

WELL, SHIT, I DON'T REALLY KNOW ***HOW LONG.*** A LONG DAMN TIME, ANYWAY.

AND ***NOTHING.***

WHEN YOU AND PAOLO APPEARED, DRESSED UP LIKE A COUPLE OF THEM, WELL...

...THOUGHT MAYBE THAT SALVAGE MISSION ***FINALLY*** ARRIVED.

WE WERE ABOUT TO MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE, WAIT IT OUT.

JUST ABOUT CRAPPED MYSELF WHEN YOU TOOK THE HELMETS OFF.

HOW THE HELL DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE, ANYWAY, THETA?

WE CAME ACROSS A PRESERVE... A HUNTING PLANET.

THESE THINGS HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPING PEOPLE FOR AT LEAST EIGHTY OR NINETY YEARS AND PUTTING THEM INTO STASIS, LIKE THEY DID WITH YOU.

THEN THEY LET THEM LOOSE ON A PRESERVE PLANET TO HUNT FOR PRACTICE. A WAY TO *HONE THEIR SKILLS.*

PEOPLE, ALIENS, WHATEVER PROVIDES THEM WITH A CHALLENGE.

WE FOUND THAT PLANET SIX YEARS AGO NOW-- WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING LIKE...*THIS.*

A STASIS FARM, WHERE THEY'VE BEEN *STORING* THEIR PREY.

SIX YEARS OF NOTHING. NO LEADS. NO TRACES OF IT.

THEN, A WEEK AGO, WE DISCOVERED THIS SHIP'S DISTRESS SIGNAL ON A TRACKER WE FOUND ON A PREDATOR HUNTING GROUND.

DISTRESS SIGNAL?

THAT THING HAS BEEN SENDING OUT A DISTRESS SIGNAL *ALL THIS TIME?*

THAT DOESN'T SEEM *WEIRD* TO YOU?

I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH THESE DAMNED THINGS A *LONG, LONG TIME.*

JOHN'S RIGHT.

ONE THING I KNOW ABOUT THEM, THEY *DON'T* LIKE TO LEAVE BEHIND A *MESS.*

NOTHING ABOUT THIS FEELS GOOD. EVEN AFTER SIX YEARS OF SEARCHING...

...THIS ALL SOMEHOW FEELS *TOO EASY.*

YOU SAID YOU'VE DEALT WITH PREDATORS MORE THAN ONCE.

JUST HOW MUCH EXPERIENCE DO YOU HAVE WITH THEM?

IN 1987, MY BROTHER, *DUTCH*, WENT MISSING IN GUATEMALA.

I'D HEARD THAT HE'D HAD A RUN-IN WITH SOME SORT OF ALIEN CREATURE, WHICH SEEMED LIKE BULLSHIT UNTIL...

...I RAN INTO ONE IN NEW YORK.

AFTER THAT, I STARTED TRACKING THEM, HOPING I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BROTHER.

BUT NEVER CAUGHT SO MUCH AS A WHIFF OF MY BROTHER OR HIS CHEAP-ASS CIGARS.

SPENT ABOUT A WEEK GOING THROUGH THE SHIP, TRYING TO SEE IF THERE WERE OTHER STASIS PODS.

THOUGHT IF THIS THING WAS SOME SORT OF PRISON, MAYBE THEY HAD DUTCH.

BUT, IF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS TRUE...EVEN IF THEY *HAD* CAPTURED HIM, THEY'VE PROBABLY HUNTED HIM DOWN ALREADY.

JUST HOPE HE MANAGED TO TAKE A FEW OF THEM WITH HIM BEFORE HE WENT.

YOU TWO ALL CAUGHT UP NOW? *HUH?*

MAYBE YOU'RE ***HAPPY*** ON THIS PLANET, JOHN. BUT I GOT PEOPLE I WANT TO GET ***BACK TO.***

EVERY TIME.

EVERY SINGLE TIME I RUN INTO A NEW GROUP OF PEOPLE, THE DICKHEADS COME CRAWLING OUT...

...TRYING TO THROW THEIR WEIGHT AROUND, LIKE THEY CAN STEP IN AND TAKE CHARGE. LIKE THEY HAVE ANY DAMNED IDEA WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.

WHAT SAY WE GET ON THAT SHIP OF YOURS, LADY, AND YOU GET US THE HELL BACK HOME?

ALEJANDRO'S RIGHT. THE TWO OF YOU CAN CHITCHAT ON THE WAY BACK TO EARTH, NO?

I'M SORRY.

I CAN'T TAKE YOU BACK TO EARTH YET.

AND EVERY TIME...

THEN I GUESS WE'RE JUST GOING TO ***TAKE*** YOUR SHIP FOR ***OUR--***

...I NEED TO REMIND THEM...

...OF WHO'S...

...IN CHARGE.

FWAP

NOBODY TOUCHES MY SHIP.

UNDERSTOOD?

GET OFF HIM.

IT GETS OLD, QUICK.

EVERYONE CHILL THE HELL OUT!

SEN, PUT YOUR GUN AWAY.

NOW.

IT'S NOT RIGHT, JOHN. SHE CAN'T *LEAVE* US HERE.

JUST GIVE HER A *DAMN MINUTE* TO *EXPLAIN.* I'M SURE SHE DIDN'T COME OUT *ALL THIS WAY* JUST TO LEAVE US, *YOU MORON.*

JOHN'S RIGHT, THAT'S NOT OUR PLAN. WE JUST DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES TO BRING EVERYONE BACK.

I HAVE A FRIEND ON EARTH WHO CAN HELP. HER NAME'S AWJA.* SHE WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF A GROUP THAT THE PREDATORS HAD IN STASIS TO HUNT.

*SEE PREDATOR VOL. 2: THE PRESERVE! --SB

SHE'S BEEN WORKING WITH THE O.W.L.F.,* AND THEY'VE BEEN HELPING US IN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN... WELL, *YOU.*

IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME TO GET A RESCUE MISSION OUT THIS WAY. YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO SURVIVE THIS LONG.

*OTHER WORLDLY LIFE-FORMS PROGRAM.

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SURVIVE A LITTLE LONGER.

THERE'S STILL A STASIS FARM WITH... WE DON'T KNOW HOW ***MANY OTHERS.*** WE BELIEVE THAT THE SHIP YOU WERE ON CRASHED ON ITS WAY TO ***GLENELG.***

IT SHOULD TAKE US ABOUT A WEEK TO REACH IT AND ASSESS THE SITUATION.

UNTIL THEN, THERE'S ***NO POINT*** CALLING THIS IN TO AWJA.

NOT UNTIL WE KNOW JUST HOW MANY PEOPLE NEED RESCUING OR HOW MANY PREDATORS WE MAY BE DEALING WITH.

WE'VE BEEN STUCK UP IN THIS HELLHOLE FOR ***TOO LONG*** ALREADY.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO GO FIND THIS FARM, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED MORE THAN JUST YOU AND YOUR SKINNY LITTLE SILENT BOYFRIEND.

I CAN TALK TO THE OTHERS, SEE HOW MANY VOLUNTEERS WE CAN SCROUNGE UP. LOTS OF FOLKS HERE WHO'D BE ***HAPPY*** TO STICK IT TO THE PREDATORS.

SURELY YOUR SHIP CAN HANDLE A DECENT-SIZED CREW FOR A TWO-WEEK RETURN TRIP.

HELL, WE'LL EVEN PACK OUR OWN LUNCHES.

I'M NOT HER BOYFRIEND.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THESE DUMB SHITS. ***I'LL*** KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL.

GLENELG!

ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

SANDY, ENTER CLOAK MODE.

AFFIRMATIVE.

SO, WHAT-- WE'RE JUST GOING TO MARCH IN, GUNS BLAZING?

NO.

WE JUST NEED TO GET A LOOK AT THE FARM, SEE HOW MANY STASIS CHAMBERS THEY HAVE INSIDE.

EVEN WITH THIS BIG A CREW, THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO BE ABLE TO TAKE OVER A FACILITY RUN BY PREDATORS.

ONCE WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH...

...THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO PROCEED.

I DON'T KNOW. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE'S HOME.

WAIT HERE UNTIL WE GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL.

TELL ME WE DIDN'T FLY A ***DAMNED WEEK*** JUST TO ***STAND AROUND*** WHILE THOSE TWO GET TO HAVE ***ALL THE FUN.***

LICIA, SHE'S BEEN AT THIS A ***LONG TIME.*** LET'S PUT A ***LITTLE*** TRUST IN THEM.

IF THEY DIE, WE ARE ***TAKING*** THEIR SHIP.

WELL, THERE'S NO POINT IN LETTING IT GO TO WASTE.

YOU'RE ONLY DOING THIS BECAUSE YOU THINK YOUR BROTHER MIGHT BE INSIDE.

HE IS NOT. YOU ***KNOW*** THIS.

YOU'RE ***PROBABLY*** RIGHT.

"BUT I CAN HOLD OUT HOPE FOR A LITTLE LONGER."

THAT SINKING FEELING COMES BACK THE MOMENT WE STEP INSIDE.

THERE MUST BE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF STASIS CHAMBERS HERE, THETA.

NONE OF THIS FEELS RIGHT.

HOW COULD THEY POSSIBLY TAKE SO MANY AND ***NO ONE NOTICE?***

PEOPLE TAKEN DURING TIMES OF WAR ACROSS DECADES. MAYBE LONGER.

NOT ***HARD*** TO SEE HOW IT COULD HAVE GONE UNNOTICED, PAOLO. PEOPLE GO MISSING DURING WARS ALL THE TIME.

EMPTY.

THE EMPTY STASIS CHAMBER CAUSES MY STOMACH TO DROP. THE FEELING IS SOMETHING MORE THAN DISAPPOINTMENT.

THIS ONE TOO.

THESE CHAMBERS HAVE BEEN EMPTY FOR A LONG TIME.

THEY'VE MOVED THE STATIS FARM. THAT'S WHY THERE WAS NO SECURITY. THAT'S WHY THE PLACE FEELS EMPTY.

WE'RE TOO LATE.

FWAK

THETA...

DEET DEET

DEET DEET DEET

RUN!

AS SOON AS I SEE THE BOMB, I KNOW...

GO! GO! GO!

...THE REASON THIS ALL FELT TOO EASY...

KABOOM

...THE REASON IT FELT *WRONG*...

WHAT THE HELL DID THEY DO?

NO.

...IS BECAUSE THE BEACON, THE TRACKER, THE SHIP'S BLACK BOX...

...THEY WERE ALL LEFT FOR US. THEY *WANTED* US TO FIND THEM.

THIS WHOLE THING WAS A *TRAP*, AND I WALKED US RIGHT INTO IT.

SKRAAAAAAAW!

3

GLENELG.
2068.

WE OUTNUMBER THIS BASTARD TWENTY TO ONE.

THERE IS NO WAY IT CAN--

SK

SKRAAAAAW!

SHIIIIK

WELL, SHIT...

...WE WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP.

WHY ARE YOU ALL *STANDING AROUND* LIKE A BUNCH OF COWARDS?

SKRAAAAW

LET'S KILL THIS BASTARD!

NO!

BANG BANG BANG

ALEJANDRO, *FALL BACK!*

FALL--

SHIK

SHIK

SHIK

YOU SHOULDA KILLED ME *FIRST*, UGLY.

KLIK

BANG

THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT!

WALK STRAIGHT UP TO A SUCKER AND--

SHK

SKRAAAAAAAAAAK!!

I SCREWED UP.

SANDY, COME IN.

SANDY?

AGAIN.

THETA, SOMETHING'S INTERFERING WITH THE SIGNAL.

I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO SANDY.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT ANYONE ELSE WITH PAOLO AND ME.

DAMMIT. I NEED YOU TO GET TO HER--

YOU NEED ME *HERE*, THETA.

THEY'D SURVIVED FOR YEARS ON THEIR OWN...

WE DON'T KNOW IF OTHER PREDATORS ARE ON THE WAY--WE NEED TO GET ***AS MANY*** PEOPLE ***OUT*** OF HERE ***AS SOON*** AS WE CAN.

GET TO SANDY, BRING HER BACK HERE SO WE CAN EVAC.

...ONLY FOR ME TO COME ALONG...

I'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM ALIVE UNTIL YOU RETURN.

...AND LEAD THEM RIGHT INTO ***A SLAUGHTER.***

TAK TAK TAK

FAN OUT! FAN OUT!

WE NEED TO HIT THIS BASTARD FROM *ALL SIDES!*

WEEEEEEE!

WHAT IS IT DOING?

EEEEEEEEEEE!

EEEEEEEEEE

EEEE

THEY'VE GOT DOGS!

BIG DAMN DOGS!

SO WHAT?!

I'VE GONE TOE TO TOE WITH WILD BOARS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THOSE THINGS'LL GORE YOU AND LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR GUTS HANGIN' OUT.

THESE AIN'T NOTHIN' COMPARED TO--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

GRAAAAAAAAW

BLAM BLAM

SHUNK

GUUUK!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

STAY BACK!

GRRRRRRRRRR

BLAM BLAM BLAM

GRAAARRR!

YAAAGH!

SHOOM SHOOM SHOOM

THE CARNAGE... IT'S...

...IT'S TOO MUCH.

EVERYWHERE I TURN...

...ANOTHER DEATH.

AND THEN ANOTHER.

SHUNK

RASHOOM

NAAAAAGGGH!

SPLURT

I NEED TO DO SOMETHING...

...BEFORE THE LAST BODY HITS THE GROUND.

JOHN, WE NEED TO RETREAT.

LIKE *HELL* WE DO.

YOUR PEOPLE ARE A DAMNED MESS OUT THERE. THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SURVIVE MUCH LONGER IF WE DON'T--

THEY'RE NOT *MY* PEOPLE. WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF *ASSHOLES* STUCK ON THIS PLANET TOGETHER.

THERE WON'T BE ANY ASSHOLES LEFT IF WE *DON'T* RETREAT.

PAOLO'S GONE TO GET THE *SANDPIPER*. WE NEED TO FOLLOW HIM.

WE RETREAT AND THEN FIGURE OUT A PLAN OF ATTACK INSTEAD OF RUNNING AROUND GETTING PICKED OFF ONE BY ONE LIKE WE ARE NOW.

THE SHIP IS TEN KLICKS OUT.

I MAY NOT HAVE FOUGHT AS MANY OF THESE DAMN THINGS AS YOU HAVE, BUT FROM *MY EXPERIENCE*...

SHOOM

...THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN OUTRUN THEM FOR THAT LONG.

YOU HEARD THE LADY, SEN! *RETREAT!*

YOU COWARD.

THIS THING STOLE OUR LIVES FROM US. IT'S TIME WE REPAID IT IN KIND!

IT'S HERE!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

SHIK

SHIK

SHIK

=HUFF=
=HUFF=

NO.

GET BACK, YOU SON OF A--

GRAAAAAWWW!

BANG

LICIA... WE NEED TO *MOVE.*

THEY'RE ALL DEAD. ALL...

...DEAD.

HOW DO YOU *STOP* THIS THING?

YOU'VE KILLED THEM BEFORE. HOW DO YOU--?

BANG

NO.

C'MON... PLEASE...

NGGGGH...

SHIT. SHIT. SHIT!

JOHN!

FWAK

SHUNK

NGGGH...

JOHN...

KLIK
KLIK

...WAKE UP.

SHUNK

SHUNK

SHUNK

SHUNK

GRAAAAAAW!

=HUFF=
=HUFF=

BASTARD.

ARRRRRGHHH!

SHOOM

KRAKKA

NO.

SANDY. CAN YOU READ ME?

SANDY?

SANDY, PLEASE RESPOND.

SANDY, ANSWER ME, DAMMIT.

NO...

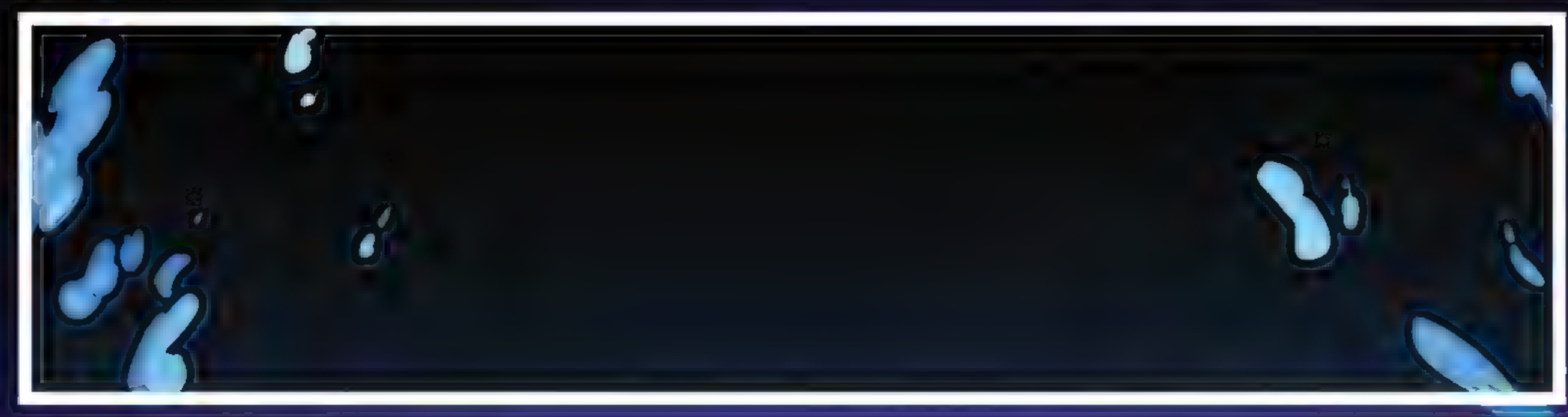
SANDPIPER
...SANDY.

AFTER 25 YEARS OF FIGHTING THESE THINGS...

...I CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THIS.

NOT LIKE THIS!

4



=GASP=

FWAK
FWAK
FWAK

FSSSSSST

GUH...

WHERE...?

STASIS CHAMBERS. HUNDREDS OF THEM.

THAT PREDATOR... HE JUST ADDED ME TO HIS COLLECTION. IS THAT IT?

I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

THAT THING HAD ME BEAT...

...SO WHY AM I *STILL* HERE?

MY ARMOR.

WHY?

K-CHK

FFFFFFFFT

UNKNOWN PLANET.

THETA...

PAOLO?

WHAT'S...WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I DON'T KNOW.

I... I WAS TRYING TO GET TO THE *SANDPIPER* AND...

...ONE OF THOSE DOG THINGS CAUGHT UP TO ME, AND NEXT THING I KNOW...

...I'M *HERE.*

I'M GOING TO GET YOU DOWN. I JUST NEED TO FIND--

HEY, NO, IT'S *COOL*...

...I'LL JUST HANG OUT OVER HERE. *DON'T MIND ME.*

JOHN!

DO EITHER OF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW WE GOT HERE?

#%@!

NADA.

WOKE UP HERE, FEELING LIKE I JUST CAME OFF A *HELL OF A BENDER.*

WHERE ARE YOUR *GUNS?* WOULD BE A HELL OF A LOT EASIER IF YOU JUST *SHOT* THE CHAINS.

I'M FEELING LIKE *BAIT* UP HERE.

MY WEAPONS ARE *GONE.* ALL HE LEFT ME WAS MY ARMOR.

ALL LAID OUT, LIKE HE *WANTED* ME TO HAVE IT.

FWAK

NFFF.

EITHER OF YOU KNOW *HOW LONG* HE'S HAD US IN THE STASIS CHAMBERS?

NO IDEA.

FEELS LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY THAT WE WERE FIGHTING THAT MONSTER.

THOUGH, FELT THE *SAME WAY* WHEN I FIRST WOKE UP ON THAT SHIP, AND THAT WAS, WHAT...FORTY YEARS?

KRAKKA

DAMMIT.

THAT BASTARD HAS ALL MY PREDATOR HELMETS-- MY TROPHIES-- DISPLAYED ON THE OTHER PILLARS.

HE MUST'VE FOUND THE *SANDPIPER.*

HE DESTROYED IT.

HE DID...

I'M SORRY, THETA...

...THE *SANDPIPER* IS *GONE.*

THOOM

NGGHHH.

THETA!

SHIT.

SKRRAAAAAAAW!

SHUNK

MY MACHETE...?

SKRRRAAAAAAAW!

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT'S THE POINT OF IT?

WHAT...?

SKRAAAAAAW.

LOOK, I'M NOT A GENIUS *PREDATOR KILLER* LIKE YOU...

...BUT I'M PRETTY SURE UGLY WANTS YOU TO PUT YOUR HELMET ON.

GET READY TO RUN.

I'LL CUT YOU DOWN, KEEP THE PREDATOR DISTRACTED WHILE YOU RUN FOR--

NO.

EVEN IF I WANTED TO...I'VE BEEN UP HERE FOR A LONG TIME, AND THESE CHAINS HAVE CUT OFF THE CIRCULATION IN MY LEGS...

I *CAN'T* RUN. I'M SORRY.

SKRAAAAW.

SKRAAAW.

SKRAAAW.

SKRAAAAW.

TAK TAK TAK

SON OF A BITCH.

THIS THING PUT ME IN THE STASIS CHAMBER TO *HEAL.*

HE KNOWS *WHO* I AM AND WANTS TO FACE ME, *ONE-ON-ONE.*

THE TWO OF YOU ARE *THE PRIZE.*

THETA, YOU ONLY HAVE A MACHETE.

THIS THING KILLED MORE THAN TWENTY WELL-ARMED PEOPLE LIKE IT WAS *NOTHING.*

YOU *CAN'T* DO THIS.

I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

BESIDES, I'VE KILLED 32 OF THEM.

WHAT'S *ONE* MORE?

THWAK

FWUD

SHUNK

THUK

KRAK

SHIK

SHUK

SKRRRAAAAW!

COME ON.

SHUUUUK

KRAK

HH...

NGGGGGH...

SHUK

DAMMIT.

KLANK

ARRRRRGH!

KRAK

=HUFF=
=HUFF=
=HUFF=

THETA! GET UP, PLEASE!

HEY, UGLY!

CHOKE ON THIS.

SKRAAAAW!

THETA, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY TRICKS IN THAT BAG OF YOURS...

...NOW'S THE TIME.

ARRGH!

WHRRR

KRAK

THAT WAS IT...

...THE LAST OF WHAT I HAD.

I TRY DIGGING DEEPER. FOR JOHN. FOR PAOLO.

BUT...THE WELL IS DRY.

MY ARM IS GONE.

I'M LOSING BLOOD. FAST.

FADING.

NO...

...I WON'T LET YOU...

...HAVE ME.

AFTER MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OF HUNTING THESE MONSTERS.

SKRRRRAAAW!

TWENTY YEARS OF FIGHTING.

KLK

I'VE LOST.

SHUK

YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!

I'VE LOST, BUT I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP.

SKRAAAAW?

PAOLO DESIGNED THE ***POISON CAPSULE*** FOR ME IN CASE ONE OF THESE BASTARDS GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS.

AS THE TOXINS ***WORM*** THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PREDATOR'S INSIDES, I ***PRAY*** THAT OUR PHYSIOLOGIES ARE ALIKE ENOUGH THAT THE BASTARD IS SUFFERING AS MUCH AS PAOLO PROMISED ***I*** WOULD.

KAFF KAFF

I PRAY THAT ITS SUFFERING HAS SLOWED TIME, THAT THIS SON OF A BITCH IS FEELING HALF AS MUCH PAIN AS IT'S DOLED OUT THROUGH ITS CRUEL LIFE.

I PRAY, BUT I DON'T NEED TO. I CAN ***SEE*** THE SUFFERING IN ITS FACE.

AND I CONSIDER, FOR JUST A MOMENT, LEAVING IT TO WRITHE IN PAIN...

...TO SUFFER MORE...

...BUT UNLIKE IT...

...I'M NO MONSTER.

SHINE

SHAM

I'VE GOT YOU, BUDDY.

THANKS.

SO, WHAT NOW?

THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF STASIS CHAMBERS ON BOARD THAT THING'S SHIP.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

WE SAVE THEM.

SHIK

SHIK

JOHN, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PILOT ONE OF THOSE THINGS?

ONLY *ONE WAY* TO FIND OUT.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

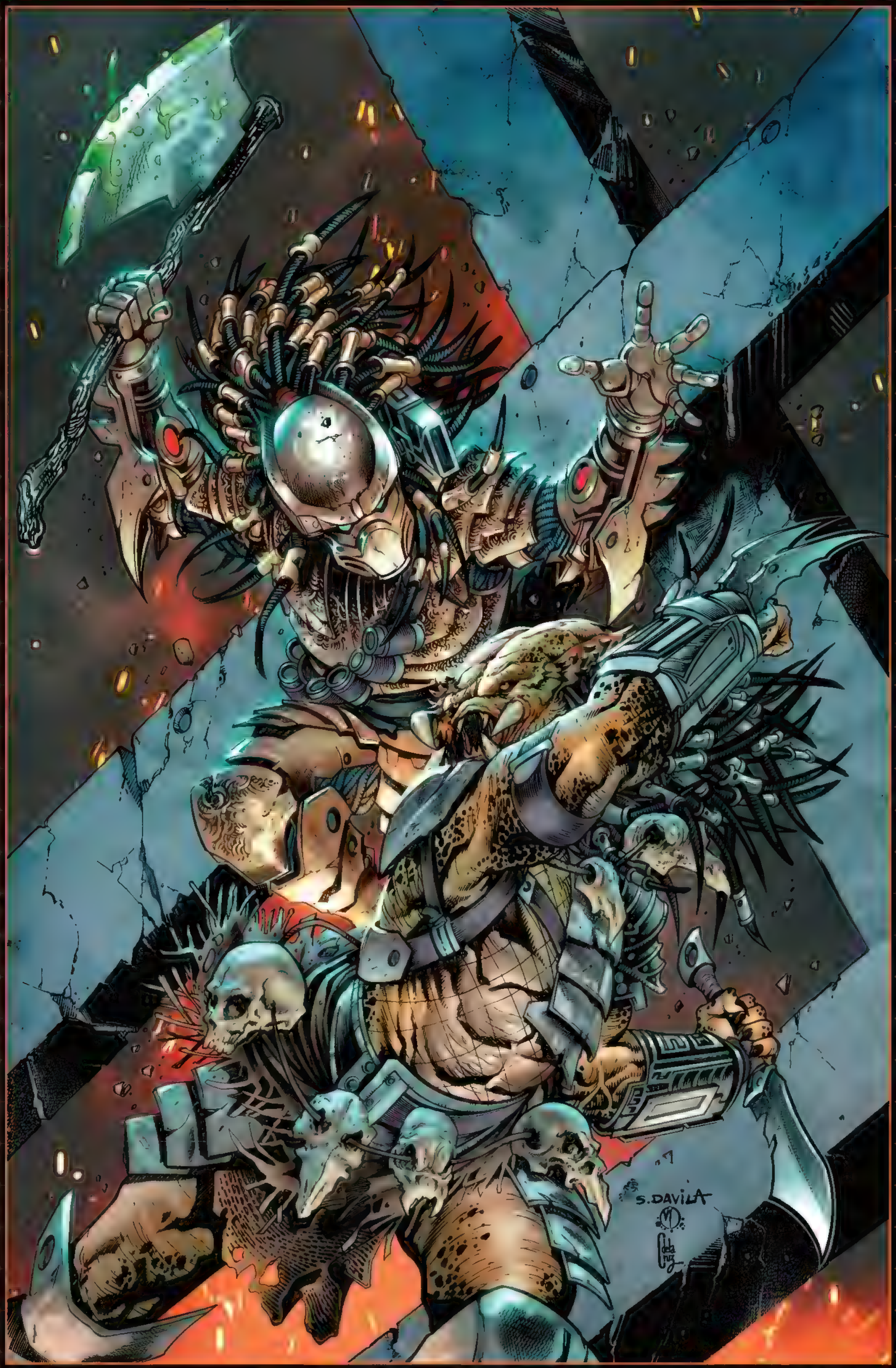
WITH THE *SANDPIPER* *GONE*, I DON'T SEE THAT WE HAVE ANY *OTHER* OPTION.

WE'VE SPENT YEARS LOOKING FOR THESE PEOPLE, PAOLO.

WE'VE FOUND THEM...

...NOW LET'S BRING THEM *HOME.*

THE END... FOR NOW.



#1 VARIANT BY **SERGIO DÁVILA**
& **CECI DE LA CRUZ**

#1 HOMAGE VARIANT BY **PACO MEDINA**
& **YEN NITRO**

#2 VARIANT BY DECLAN SHALVEY

#2 VARIANT BY PAOLO VILLANELLI
& MATTIA IACONO

#3 VARIANT BY **JUSTIN MASON & FEDERICO BLEE**

#3 VARIANT BY **MIKE MAYHEW**

MARVEL

COLLECTED EDITIONS

Predator by Ed Brisson Vol. 2: The Preserve
ISBN 978-1-302-92620-5

AVAILABLE IN **PRINT** OR **DIGITAL**
WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD!

PREDATOR
THE LAST HUNT

THE LATEST BRUTAL CHAPTER OF MARVEL'S THRILLING TAKE ON THE *PREDATOR* FRANCHISE!

For years, Theta has been hunting Predators in her search for the one that killed her parents. Now she's on a mission to free the human captives from the Predators' game preserve. But when a Super Predator is on the loose, even a seasoned hunter like Theta can become prey! Meanwhile, what is John Schaefer, brother of Dutch, doing on a Predators' game planet in the far reaches of space?! And more important, will he get in Theta's way? The lifelong refugee has revenge to serve up, and she's not about to let it get cold! Theta's in a blood rage. Guns, grenades, guts and, above all, glory. This is a battle of wills, a primordial clash. Human vs. Super Predator, both out for blood. And the only question is: Will she kill or be killed?

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
PREDATOR: THE LAST HUNT

COLLECTING ***PREDATOR: THE LAST HUNT #1-4*** —
BY ED BRISSON, FRANCESCO MANNA, EDER MESSIAS,
JONAS TRINDADE, ERICK ARCINIEGA AND JAVA TARTAGLIA.

"Theta continues her quest to kill every last Predator, and she anchors the story with a character you can root for." – AIPT

PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARVEL

20th CENTURY STUDIOS

© 2024 20TH CENTURY STUDIOS.